

THE RECKLESSNESS OF KNEELAND

By WILLIAM R. STEWART

Private Kneeland was caught in the Kneeland Building Company's office. His arms were held behind his back, and he was forced to remain in the room until he received the results of the search.

"You'll think I'm nervous," he said, "but I don't know the reason, he said. "Well, I'd like to see the man who's been here."

There was a knock at the door. "What?"

"It's Captain Burke," he said. "I don't know what you're doing here. You're a member of the police force. Why don't you help us?"

"I'm not a member of the police force," he said.

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He refused to attack another and the shots—three bullets of a pistol—were collected from the face under which was cracked and blackened. Kneeland remembered it from the morning. The policeman still gazed toward him.

"There's a woman out there," he said, pointing toward a window over head. "Save her. I'll call in."

He leaned against the wall, catching his breath in anger. Kneeland looked at him. The policeman gave up signs of recognition.

"For a moment in the mind of the former he had no consciousness. The curse of the fire with the flames had passed over him. From the stairs he heard the captain's voice of command.

The faith still possessed the new bridegroom in all its madness. The fire at Kneeland's apartment was still burning. The man who had joined the shipwrecked boat and back and more suddenly with all the sanctification of a saintly soul he sent some of the smoke away, and with the word which had been bequeathed to him and which had been given to him with an angel's wings, "Save her," he implored. The plump figure of a woman stood up as often it did in his frenzied mind from the smoke and the scene of a woman who had remained fair and graceful. And there was purity in the policeman.

He took a step nearer. "You say her. I kissed and the sound of his voice sounded strange even to himself, save her, and not me alone. That's your girl. Come, help go. And he caught the policeman by the arm.

There was that about the female which frightened him. With his measured strides he moved the movement toward the window. But the strengthened heart seemed Kneeland's.

As the two figures stepped into the reflected light from the street, firemen suddenly were casting a ladder to an upper floor. Shouts of warped wood, then raised on a hinge of an emerald silk, and a man carrying a hose to his hand ran quickly up.

Across the doorway the forms of two men met. One in policemen's uniform seemed struggling from the window. The other a man in a coat toward him. They faced to an audience, and the fireman took the other across the silk.

A scream of anger, hard as rubber, arose. Kneeland fell to the floor and rolled him against the wall. The policeman on the ladder had turned his back on the struggle.

Choking and snarled by the deluge which descended upon them, Kneeland caught at the silk. In the moment he had held at the window the foot and waist of a woman hanging from the ledge above had met his visage. The instant of the fire-fighter were once more supreme.

The woman, he called, panting at the policeman. "Quick, help me!"

The stream of water had ceased to pour through the window. The fireman on the ladder also had seen the woman and had turned his hose into the room, using the height of which the woman clung desperately to her hands to escape the suffocation of smoke and flames.

Kneeland threw aside out of the window.

"Hold this girl—I'm shouting to the policeman, knocking the other against the floor to help the woman. Now we are around you with steady."

As the policeman took hold of him he felt the human suddenly relax in his grasp. He saw Kneeland look up at the woman with staring eyes almost open. He heard him mutter a bitter oath, seem to shrink away from him, as though he would slide back into the shadows of the window.

Suspecting the human he unfastened his belt as quickly as possible. The closed mouth closed tightly over the snapping teeth. To a very low and hoarse but steady he gave the directions.

"Let go. He called to the figure overhead. 'Till catch me."

The policeman held the man he held sway outward with a sudden impact. He passed silent as they slipped as the waves which beat over the cliff.

Open the windows at the front," the captain ordered.

Kneeland was the first to make his way through the rooms and reach the side of the building facing the street. The flames of the doorway had been suffocating and he was half dead. The shouting orders from without the panting engines, the low murmur of the flames overhead and the battering of the streams of water against the woodwork dinned confusedly in his ears. With his ax he chopped down a burning window frame and it fell out into the street.

was level with the ledge but the muscles of the human seemed of iron. For a few terrible seconds the forms hung over the void, and in the grim strain of the bodies over grew bloodshot and the faces distorted with agony. Then slowly the human and his mate gained back to the ledge, clutching it and rolled into the rooms.

Clouds of smoke still poured through the gutted tenement, but the man's breathing was checked. From the floors over-head the men of the hook and ladder took their work there done, came straggling down the staircase.

"Where's Kneeland?" the captain asked, and the next moment he saw the figure at the window. "Hello!"

But the voice did not reach the human. They lifted him unconscious and took him away to the hospital. The woman and the policeman followed down stairs and both spoke with the captain.

"Mother of Moses!" exclaimed the latter. "You'll—you'll—but the women shook her head and went away.

"Guess I'll be out to off our Kneeland when he gets back to me or not," said Burke on the ride home. "I always give him credit for havin' the right sort o' stuff anyhow. All that dog chow was the same as claimed his recklessness in the morning. Systematic was with to try the same again."

"You're wrong," said the captain. "He was after a chance to redeem himself. Sergeant was down on him an' he wasn't gettin' any show on the force. Leastwise he thought so—an' that was why he used to steal the credit he was born afterward."

An' the woman this last time, the one ye were takin' with?"

"She was Kneeland's wife—once," said the captain.

BEFORE MARRIAGE



IN VOGUE

WRAP FOR EVENING

KIMONO COAT IS A FASHIONABLE GARMENT

Not to Be Worn Indiscriminately. However, for to Some Figures It Is Not Becoming—For Individual Adjustment.



Becoming to the Slender Woman.

A Kimono Coat. They are more becoming to small women than to large and to slender women than to stout ones.

The more nearly the original lines of the kimono are adhered to the more attractive is the coat, and yet it is

USE CARE IN FURNISHING.

Elements That Go to Make Up Bright, cheerful Rooms.

Everybody enjoys a bright, cheerful room, and yet sometimes in furnishing unless unusual care is taken, the room turns out gloomy and cheerless. Many women have foregone curtain hangings, and even such curtains as allow all light possible, but the difficulty is not always a matter of sunlight. There are certain things which add to the cheer of any room, and one of these is the open fireplace. This is especially true during the spring and fall months, before and after the furnace is started. It is not only the fire itself, but the fire furnishings that add so much. Since 1870 the decoration of the fireplace became important, and manufacturers have vied with each other in America for every variety of fireplace, from the blue and white Dutch type to the more highly variegated marble hearths, not to mention the whale-mantels imported from Europe and often of great historic as well as individual value. But whatever simplicity or luxury be bestowed upon the fireplace, the real charm lies in the furnishings of brass, which today are univatized. Did you ever think how a set of brass will brighten a dark corner? The audiories, the jester and their appointments reflect whatever sunlight creeps into the room, and beside the mantel a small brass tea caddy may swing lightly and conveniently over a tea-table. This is fastened to the mantel's edge by three long brass chains. One naturally chooses this single hook for drinking, and there could be no other place more appropriate.

Wellhausen pictures with white mats or a colored matting, hair montages with the room, can do much to distract from a room's depression, not when choosing pictures. It is well to remember that mirrors always brighten a room, and they are sometimes less expensive than pictures.



over may be used to do duty from a decorative point of view if they are attached to either end of a piece of a floral ribbon, as suggested in the accompanying sketch, and arranged to serve as a weight for a bookmarker. The ribbon is bordered with silk fringe to match, and the coins are securely fastened at the back by a loop of narrow satin ribbon.

In white patterned with pink flowers this would make a very pretty bookmarker, or in pale green, with the flowers in a delicate shade of primrose yellow.

or of castile soap, rinsed well, dried thoroughly and then rubbed vigorously. This treatment will bring the pores into action and induce a healthy condition.

When the hair falls out in spots apply the following: Infused rose water, 100 grams; aromatic vinegar, 20 grams; pure glycerin, 10 grams; tincture of camphor, 10 grams. Rub gently into the scalp.

Use Old Skirts.

The white wash skirts that have been hanging in the closet several years I made up into pretty baby coats. One skirt made the two-year-old child a little coat. I trimmed it with embroidery. Another skirt made

frequently necessary to make some alteration in that coat, not only that it may be of the required size, but also to improve the shape, or at least to make it more suitable for the individual. The front of the garment is usually satisfactory enough, although sometimes it produces a narrow effect across the bust. The back is very apt to make the figure look round shouldered unless it is carefully adjusted to the individual wearer.

Blouses for Morning.

Blouses suitable for morning wear are made in very simple style, with stitched plats and strapings of the material. Carried out entirely in net lace mounted over colored or white silk slips are waists intended for more dressy occasions. Such a blouse may be trimmed with motifs of heavy lace and black velvet ribbon. The best authorities from Paris say that a touch of black is essential to the fashionableness. This necessary touch is given to all sorts of waists, and black comes out in the most unexpected places—sometimes on the lame picture hat, again at the waist line or when this is in evidence desirably the band on the skirt will show a narrow piping.

The Button Craze.

Beware button trimming on your summer gowns unless you have quantities of pretty buttons to use. Half a dozen buttons of ordinary style scattered on a blouse and a dozen more on a skirt make no showing whatever. On the summer coat you may use two or three large, showy buttons on the front, but if you are trimming a gown with them you must have dozens of small buttons arranged in groups or designs. Neither are plain buttons used except on severely tailored suits. The crocheted button is most popular.

HERE'S LUCKY BOOK MARKER.

Of Coins Attached to Either End of Floral Ribbon.

Coin with holes in them are popularly supposed to bring good luck, although it is not easy to pack them in the ordinary way, or to receive their full value in change. Such coins, however,



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MACHINE MOVED BY FRACTION.

The base of a motor is adapted for a fraction of a minute to a cutting little machine with 1000 a second. The machine is known as the regenerator and is the invention of a Frenchman (Perrin) from France. Its purpose is to control the temperature in houses by closing and opening the draughts in stoves and furnaces. Hermetically sealed within the regenerator is a small amount of volatile liquid the vapor of which changes its pressure at the rate of one-half pound per square inch for each degree of change in temperature.

A change of a single degree in the temperature develops a force of 15 pounds within the motor. This force acts to expand the vessel through a distance of half an inch, and this movement is magnified eight-fold. In being transmitted to the damper thus imparting to the latter a movement of four inches.

Heat laid instead of water for mixing a mustard plaster. It will be softer, will cause no blisters and is preferable to water or egg mixtures.

Thin arms are often helped by being washed twice a day with a thick bath



"In the Forefront of All Was Kneeland."

knocked him to the floor, the men from the engine company who were trying to extinguish the flames.

In the forefront of all was Kneeland. Not the captain, with a crew of sailors behind him, but Burke and Gandy, who were both added to and his greater effort. The excitement of the fight was in his blood. It took hold of him in the spirit of courage, when the soldier in a death struggle at a crucial moment.

The men of an engine company had worked their way to the doorway and were placing their hose on the flames which licked throughout the engine.

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